

ROLL OF HONOR

Men From Watford and Vicinity Serving The Empire

27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION
Thos. L. Swift, reported missing, since June 15, 1915, Rich. H. Stapleford, Bury C. Binks, L. Gunn Newell, killed in action, Arthur Owens, F. C. N. Newell, T. Ward, Sid Welsh, Alf Woodward, killed in action M. Cunningham, M. Blondel, W. Blun, R. W. Bailey, A. L. Johnston, R. A. Johnston, G. Mathews, C. Manning, W. G. Nichol, F. Phelps, H. F. Small, E. W. Smith, C. Toop, C. Ward, J. Ward, killed in action, F. Wakelin, D. C. M., killed in action, T. Wakelin, wounded—missing, H. Whitsitt, B. Hardy.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C.L.I.
Gerald H. Brown
18TH BATTALION
C. W. Barnes, Geo. Ferris, Edmund Watson, G. Shanks, J. Burns, F. Burns, C. Blunt, Wm. Auterson, S. P. Shanks, Pte. Walter Woolvett.
2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY
Lorne Lucas, Frank Yerkes, Chas. Potter.

33RD BATTALION
Percy Mitchell, died from wounds Oct. 14th, 1916; Lloyd Howden, Geo. Fountain, killed in action Sept. 16, 1916, Gordon H. Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, London.

34TH BATTALION
E. C. Crohn, S. Newell, Stanley Rogers, Macklin Hagle, missing since Oct. 8, 1916; Henry Holmes, killed in action Sept. 27, 1916, Wm. Manning, Leonard Lees, C. Jamieson.

29TH BATTERY
Wm. Mitchell, John Howard.
70TH BATTALION
Ernest Lawrence, Alfred Emmerson, C. H. Loveday, A. Banks, S. R. Whalton, killed in action Oct. 1916, Thos. Meyers, Jos. M. Wardman, Vern Brown, Sid Brown, killed in action Sept. 15, 1916, Alf. Bullough, C. F. A., Corp. V. W. Willoughby.

28TH BATTALION
Thomas Lamb, killed in action.
MOUNTED RIFLES
Fred A. Taylor

PIONEERS
Wm. Macnally, W. F. Goodman.
ENGINEERS
J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS
T. A. Brandon, M. D., Capt. W. J. McKenzie, M. D., Norman McKenzie, Jerrold W. Snell, Allen W. Edwards, Wm. McCausland.

135TH BATTALION
N. McLaughlan, killed in action July 6th, 1917.

3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C.F.A.
Alfred Levi

116TH BATTALION
Clayton O. Fuller, killed in action April 18th, 1917.

196TH BATT.
R. R. Annett.

70TH BATTERY
R. H. Trenouth, killed in action on May 8th, 1917; Murray M. Foster.

142ND BATTALION
Austin Potter.

GUNNER
Russ. G. Clark.
R. N. C. V. R.

John J. Brown
ARMY DENTAL CORPS
Elgin D. Hicks, H. D. Taylor.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS
Frank Elliot, R. H. Acton, Arthur McKercher

98TH BATTALION
Roy E. Acton.

64TH BATTERY
C. F. Luckham.

65TH BATTERY
Walter A. Restorick.
ROYAL FLYING CORPS
Lieut. M. R. James.

If the name of your soldier boy does not appear in this column, kindly notify us and it will be placed there.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows:
GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75..... 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 13..... 12 31 a.m.
Accommodation, 83..... 6 44 p.m.
GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80..... 7 48 a.m.
New York Express, 6..... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 2..... 3 05 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent, Watford

Canadian Girls as Chauffeurs

SOMETIMES manoeuvring through the dense traffic of London's streets, or speeding furiously on official business along the wonderful country roads of England, Canadian girls are doing their bit as chauffeurs in the army. Becoming dressed in khaki are these young ladies. Low brown shoes and stockings to match, skirt and officer's tunic of summer drill or winter weight serge, natty belted trench coat, gauntlet gloves, and soft felt hat with the badge of the Canadian Army Service, make up a uniform which attracts more attention to the wearer than did ever Paris gown or London tailor-made.

Canada's chauffeuse corps is growing. Two hundred applicants await appointments, but as yet there are only a round dozen employed. Of these nine are ambulance drivers, one the guider of a three-ton truck, and two only on the staff. Of these two, only one is a Canadian, Miss Evelyn Brown, of Ottawa. The first Canadian girl chauffeur in the Canadian army, she was appointed last March, and serves as driver and secretary to Colonel Godson-Godson of Vancouver, who was so severely wounded at Ypres and now occupies the post of Provost Marshal of Canadians in England. Very business-like did Miss Brown look when interviewed by a Canadian correspondent. Her big eight-cylinder car stood at the office door.

"Yes, I must confess I found driving in London very trying at first," declared the young lady. "The traffic is disconcerting to a newcomer, and remembering that one much turn to the left instead of the right made me apprehensive, but I am quite used to it now. Our hours are theoretically from 8 in the morning until 6 at night, but I am often on duty until 8 or even midnight, and frequently work on Sunday. Sometimes, as just at the moment, things are slack, but frequently the day is just one rush, but I like the work tremendously. I get down to the garage about five minutes to eight in the morning, fill up the tanks with petrol and water and oil up, and wait for orders. I have covered 10,000 miles since joining the service, and my work takes me out of London a good deal.

"We have to clean our own cars, all except the very heaviest work, and I usually take one morning a week at it. As to qualifications, I, of course, had driven a car in Canada, but took a Royal Automobile Club course here, and after a week's try out, during which I drove an officer, I was appointed. No repairs don't worry me at all. I can put on a tire in a jiffy."

The rate of pay in the Canadian services for lady chauffeurs is more than that received by their sisters in the Imperials. In the British army, where a large number of girls have been employed as drivers for officers for some time, they start at 25 shillings a week the first month, thereafter getting 35 shillings. Canadians start with 35 shillings and advance to 45 shillings—about \$10—weekly after the probationary first month.

Unlike officers, chauffeuses receive no uniform allowance. And \$45 is the very least for which an outfit can be purchased. So that with board and other expenses at their present high level, girls without some private means don't find it too easy. Of course a travelling allowance is made when away from London for more than a day.

Many Canadian officers rather fear to trust themselves to the care of a lady chauffeur, and insist on retaining men, so there is not much prospect of many vacancies on the staff at any rate. And as yet there is little room even for lady ambulance drivers, but it is expected that men ambulance drivers in the Canadian forces in England will gradually be drafted abroad and the places they filled with girls. Those employed in London board where they like, but should girl ambulance drivers be taken on for hospitals in the country it is stated that regular billets with rations would be secured where they could live together with a chaperone. Such a plan would make for both comfort and economy.

A cruel unresentimental War Office decree reversing the old steamboat adage, "Don't talk to the man at the wheel," ordains that while driving at least (though 'tis whispered that lunch-time on long journeys doesn't count), the young lady may not talk to her officer charge, be he ever so young and handsome. Forsooth it might distract his thoughts from war and her's from the road. But so far no infractions of this ungalant code have been reported. Surely a fine tribute to the stoicism of all concerned.

Held as German Spy.
His close resemblance to a German spy led to the arrest of Capt. J. Roy Cockburn, formerly professor of architecture at Toronto University, at Palestine recently. Word of Captain Cockburn's unique and unpleasant experience has just reached relatives. Captain Cockburn with

a number of other officers had gone to look over land adjacent to Beer-sheba. They were conducted by Captain Gibson, an infantry officer. After showing his guests the various points of advantage, the infantry officer became curious regarding the identity of his visitors, and unfortunately for them, when asked to prove themselves, they had everything in their pockets save their identification discs. Captain Cockburn was kept under close surveillance owing to his striking resemblance to a German spy for whom the authorities were on the lookout. After being held a while they were identified by a high British officer, and released.

BEWARE THE CLOSED MIND.

Keep Always In Touch With New Ideas and New Methods.

Senator Lodge in an address delivered at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology coined a remarkable phrase in warning the students to "beware of the closed mind," a gentle reproof of the cocksureness of the newly graduated. Senator Lodge said:

"Beware of the closed mind. This sounds like a paradox when addressed to young men, yet it will, I think, bear examination. It is a truism to say that the danger of maturity, and especially of age, is the closing of the mind to new ideas. Habit, most powerful of influences, hard experience, the very passage of the years, all alike tend to stiffen the muscles and to harden the arteries of the mind as they do those of the body. It is a misfortune with which advancing age must struggle, and the effort is severe and too often either neglected or fruitless.

"But the same peril besets youth, although not for the same reason. The great mass of young men go forth from our universities, our institutes and schools, prepared to learn and eager for the knowledge which experience alone can bring. Yet the disease of the closed mind lurks all about them and, curiously enough, is most likely to affect the cleverest, the ablest and the most ambitious. This comes from their very talents, from the high confidence which youth ought always to have, and from the somewhat hasty conclusion that because they have thought for themselves nobody else has performed the same feat before.

"It is well to remember that the very greatest men died learning, like Bacon and Pasteur. The greatest benefactions to humanity, the greatest services to human thought, have not all been bestowed or rendered by men under twenty-five or even under forty years of age, a fact sometimes worthy of remembrance. Do not, then, fall victims to overconfidence and close your mind. The injunction is as important for youth as for age—easy of attainment for the former, difficult for the latter, possible for both. The past and the present, youth and age, new and old, all have their place in the sun; all are needed for the widest learning, for the highest achievement, for the best development of mankind."

STILLED THE BATTLE.

A Touch of Nature That Halted War's Carnage For a Moment.

A day was dawning on a battlefield in northern France through a fog so thick that none could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little, and the French had closely advanced, but between the two positions a lone farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose and the fog cleared and the gunners found their ranges, heavy guns began to boom and answer back. Thus began the old, old wearisome story of day after day of desolation and death.

But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased, and there fell a peculiar dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the now shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible, it must be a delusion! But, no—there in the green meadow, crawling on its hands and knees, was a little child, a mere baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and in the sudden dumbness of the soldiers the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched at a dandelion. Not a sound was heard but that; not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe.

Suddenly a soldier jumped out of a German trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. From the trenches of the French there came no shots, but there rang along both lines a mighty cheer.

But soon, alas, the guns were booming again and answering back, and the flowering bit of meadow was plowed by shells, for war is war, and men must not long yield to pity.

COULD HARDLY LIVE FOR ASTHMA.
Writes one man who after years of suffering has found complete relief through Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Now he knows how needless has been his suffering. This matchless remedy gives sure help to all afflicted with asthma. Inhaled as a smoke or vapor it brings the help so long needed. Every dealer has it or can get it for you from his wholesaler.

"MY ROSARY"

The word "Rosary" means "A Garden enclosed." It ought to mean this to every young man and lad in France. Amidst the many temptations of a soldier's life, with its many privations, the photograph of Mother has many far-reaching attributes, which goes to protecting from the many allurements which surround the soldier's life wherever he may be stationed.

It is only a picture of mother,
But I prize it more than gold;
From it I take fresh courage,
As it seems to make me bold.
It reminds me what she stood for
In her life, yes, day by day,
How she planned to make life happy
For all that came her way.

It is only a picture of mother
Which shall hang upon my breast;
It becomes to me my Rosary,
The dearest and the best.
It speaks to me, though silently,
Of one so true and kind;
It helps me in temptation's fight
And sweeter joys to find.

It is only a picture of mother—
The Rosary best for me—
I'll handle it most tenderly,
And pray that I should be
Filled with that spirit so divine,
To all be kind and free:
Thus shall thy picture, mother mine,
Be my true Rosary.

It is only a picture of mother,
On it I look with pride,
For when the fight seems hardest,
In faith, she's by my side.
I gaze into those tender eyes,
I read their light within;
My Rosary bears me ever up
Amidst the battle's din.

Tobacco in Diplomacy

London Daily Chronicle: Lord Morley's pious conviction that our quarrel with the Boers could have been settled if Mr. Chamberlain and Kruger had sat down at Bloemfontein with a tobacco jar between them is backed, oddly enough, by the greatest war maker of modern times.

"How could any man," Bismarck was fond of saying, "let himself be carried away by passion with such a thing as a pipe in his hand?" When discussing the preliminaries of the surrender of Paris he offered the French minister a cigar, which was refused. "You are wrong," said Bismarck, bluntly. "When you enter on a discussion that may lead to vehement remarks, you should smoke. The eye is occupied, the hand is engaged, the organ of smell is gratified—one is happy. In this state one is very disposed to make concessions, and our business—that of diplomatists—continually consists in the making of mutual concessions."

Latest Invention s Invisible Airplane

Germany has recently developed an airplane that is said to be almost invisible. By its use raids may be made without the raiding machine being exposed to fire from land batteries. If this achievement is perfected and results in producing an airplane that cannot be seen, the effects are past calculations. Raiders might descend to within a short distance of the earth and destroy at their will, and still offer no target to the defenders.

Since the airplane became of practical utility scientists have racked their brains for some method of rendering it invisible. In this new machine of the Germans, it is reported that the wings are wholly invisible at a distance, only the body remaining as a mark for the eye of enemies. This greatly reduces the visible bulk of the new plane, and thereby renders it just so much harder to see.

When the supply of cotton began to run low in Germany, numerous substitutes were tried for the manufacture of airplane wings. Also, cotton was highly inflammable, and the cloth had a tendency to become waterlogged when a plane was caught in the clouds during a storm. This made travelling more difficult.

A good many materials were tested, without satisfactory results. Then the Germans are said to have hit upon the plan that may ultimately lead to a wholly invisible airplane. The wings of these new machines are manufactured out of a composition which depends upon a chemical called casein. This chemical comes from a very common and somewhat surprising source—buttermilk. It is found in ordinary milk to a considerable extent, but more especially in buttermilk. It is easily extracted, and after a drying process is reduced to a powder. This casein is then mixed with an equal quantity of crushed stone, having about the same consistency as talcum. Water is added, and the whole forms a kind of paste that is very pliable and may

be made into almost any desired form.

Before the war the Germans were using this preparation in the manufacture of knife handles and ornamental objects. In some cases it was made to so closely resemble ivory or horn that the difference was extremely hard to detect. There was a good deal of mystery as to the composition of the substitute, but American scientists have now determined that it is the same substance as Germany has now utilized in making invisible aeroplane wings.

Awful Force of Halifax Explosion

When the Halifax explosion occurred a mountain of black and white smoke shot skyward some six hundred feet, spreading over half the city and harbor, this was followed by an upheaval of water that drove enormous waves for two blocks up the sloping sides of the city. Rivets, chain links, pieces of deck gear, and plate fragments were picked up a mile and a half from the water-front. Telephone poles, a foot in diameter and a half mile away, were whipped by the concussion and broken off at the base. Nearly every victim found along the harbor front was stripped of their clothing by the shock. The explosion wrecked over half of Halifax, destroyed railway terminals and tracks, sunk ships at anchor and killed sailors on board, razed or wrecked nearly two miles of buildings, hurled pedestrians against buildings, killing them, killed telegraph operators at their desks four miles away, smashed telegraph cable, telephone, and lightning systems, and wrecked huge grain elevators, scattering their contents for miles.

What is Camouflage?

London Daily Express: The word "camouflage," which is a war addition to the English language, is also comparatively new in French. I think it was not used by our allies until this war. Anyhow, it does not appear in the authoritative French dictionary published in 1896, nor is it included in Larousse. It is derived from "camouflet," which originally meant "smoke puffed in the face of a sleeping person," and afterwards came to mean mystification. "Camouflage" is military mystification, the disguising of guns and military positions so that they may escape the enemy's observation. Many camouflage schemes are adopted at the front. Their effectiveness depends on a proper appreciation of the colors which most completely blend with the landscape.

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed. H



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There's no music to the youngster, like the ring of skates on ice.
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